



MISS E. BRADDON

UNITED AT LAST

BY MISS E. BRADDON

CHAPTER IX.—Continued.

"Isn't he? Too much of the watch-dog about him, I suppose. As for fast friends, there's not much friendship between Wyatt and me. He's a useful fellow to have about one, that's all. He has served me faithfully, and has got well paid for his services. It's a matter of pounds, shillings, and pence on his side, and a matter of convenience on mine. No doubt Wyatt knows that as well as I do."

"Don't you think friendship on such a basis may be rather an insecure bond?" said Constance, gravely; "and that a man who can consent to profess friendship on such degrading terms is likely to be half an enemy?"

"Oh, I don't go in for such high-flown ethics. Jim Wyatt knows that it's his interest to serve me well, and that it's as much as his life is worth to play me false. Jim and I understand one another perfectly, Constance, you may be sure."

"I am sure that he understands you," answered Constance.

But Gilbert had gone before she had finished her sentence.

Baby, christened Christabel, after the late Lady Clarydore, was nearly a twelvemonth old, and had arrived, in the opinion of mother and nurse, at the most interesting epoch of babyhood. Her tender cooing, her joyous chucklings, her pretty cackling noises, as of anxious maternal hints calling their offspring, her inarticulate language of broken syllables, which only maternal love could interpret, were an inexhaustible fountain of delight. She was the blitheliest and happiest of babies, and every object in creation with which she became newly acquainted was a source of rapturous delight to her. The flowers, the birds, the insect life of that balmy pine forest, filled her with delight. The soft blue eyes sparkled with pleasure, the rose-bud lips bubbled her wordless wonder, the little feet danced with ecstasy.

"Oh, cried the delighted mother, 'if she would always be just like this, my plaything, my darling! Of course, I shall love her just as dearly when she is older—a long-armed, lanky girl in a brown holland uniform, always inkling her fingers and getting into trouble about her lessons—like my sisters and me when we were in the school-room; but she can never be so pretty or so sweet again, can she, Martha?"

"For 'mum, she'll always be a love," replied the devoted nurse, "and as for her arms being long and her fingers ink, you won't love her a bit less—and I'm sure, I hope she won't be worried with too many lessons, for I do think great folks' children are to be pitied, half their time cooped up in school rooms or stretched out on blackboards, or strutting on the piano, while poor children are running wild in the fields."

"Oh, Martha, how shocking," cried Mrs. Sinclair, pretending to be horrified, "to think that one of my favorite pupils should underrate the value of education."

"Oh, no, indeed, ma'am, I have no such thought. I have often felt that a blessing it is to be able to read a good book and write a decent letter. But I never can think that life was meant to be all education."

"Life is all education, Martha," answered her mistress, with a sigh, "but not the education of grammars and dictionaries. The world is our school and time our schoolmaster. No, Martha, my Christabel shall not be harassed with too much learning. We won't try to make her a paragon. Her life shall be all happiness and freedom, and she shall grow up without the knowledge of care or evil, except the sorrows of others, and these she shall heed; and she shall marry a man I love, whether he is rich or poor, for I am sure my sweet one would never love a bad man."

"I don't say that, ma'am," reiterated Martha; "looks are deceiving. I'm sure there was my own cousin, on the father's side, Susan Taggers, married the handsomest young man in Manx brook village, and before they'd been two years married he took to drinking, and was so neglectful of himself you wouldn't have known him; and his whippers, that he used to take such pride in, are all brown and shaggy, like a straw Scotch terrier."

The day after that somewhat unpleasant tête-à-tête between husband and wife, Gilbert Sinclair announced his intention of going back to England for the Legation.

"I have never missed a Legation," he said, as if attendance at that race were a pious duty, like the Communion service on Ash-Wednesday, "and I shouldn't like to miss this race."

"Didn't we better go home at once, then, Gilbert? I am quite ready to return."

"Nonsense. I've taken this place till the 20th of October, and shall have to pay pretty stiffly for it. I shall come back directly after the Doncaster."

"But it will be a fatiguing journey for you."

"I'd just as soon be sitting in a railway train as anywhere else."

"Does Mr. Wyatt go back with you?"

"No; Wyatt stays at Baden for the next week or so. He pretends to be here for the sake of the water, but very little to the Kursaal, and lives quietly like a careful old bachelor who wished to mend a damaged constitution, but I should rather think he had some deeper game than water-drinking."

Gilbert departed, and Constance was alone with her child. The weather was delightful—cloudless skies, balmy days, blissful weather for the grape-gatherers on the vine-clad slopes that sheltered one side of this quaint old village of Schoenesthal. A river wound through the valley, a deep and rapid stream narrowing in this cleft of the hills, and utilized by some saw-mills in the outskirts of the village, whence at certain seasons rafts of timber were floated down the Rhine.

A romantic road following the course of this river was one of Mrs. Sinclair's favorite drives. There were picturesque old villages and romantic ruins to be explored, and many lovely spots to be shown to baby, who, although in-

nurse's grasp and holding up her chubby arms as if she would fain have embraced her mother even at that distance. These interviews were a sorry substitute for the long happy hours of closest companionship which mother and child had enjoyed at Schoenesthal, but Constance took the trial bravely. The patient was going on wonderfully well, Mr. Paulton said; the violence of the fever was considerably abated. It had proved a light attack of the scarlet fever, and not typhoid, as the doctor had feared it might have proved.

In a week the patient would most likely be on the high-road to recovery, and then Mrs. Sinclair could leave her entirely to the sister's care, since poor Martha was now restored to her right mind, and was quite reconciled to that trustworthy attendant.

"And then, said Mr. Paulton, 'I shall send you to Baden for a few days, before you go back to baby, and you must put aside all clothes that you have worn in the sick-room, and I think we shall escape all risk of infection.'

This was a good hearing. Constance languished for the happy hour when she should be able to clasp that rosy babbling child to her breast once more. Madame de Duport had been a marvel of goodness throughout this anxious time.

"I shall never forget how good and thoughtful you have been, Melanie," said Constance, from her window, as the French girl stood in the garden below, holding baby up to be adored before setting out for her morning ramble.

"But it is a pleasure to serve Madame," shrieked Melanie, in her shrill treble.

"Monsieur returns this evening," said Constance, who had just received a hurried scrawl from Gilbert, naming the hour of his arrival; "you must take care that Christabel looks the prettiest."

"Ah, but she is always ravishingly pretty. If she should only be a boy, Monsieur would idolize her."

"Where are you going this morning, Melanie?"

"To the ruined castle on the hill."

"Do you think that is a safe place for baby?"

"What could there be safer? What peril can Madame foresee?"

"No," said Constance, with a sigh. "I suppose she is as safe there as anywhere else, but I am always uneasy when she is away from me."

"But Madame's love for this little one is a passion!"

Melanie departed with her charge, and Constance went back to the sick-room to attend her patient while the sister enjoyed a few hours' comfortable sleep.

One o'clock was Christabel's dinner time, and Christabel's dinner was a business of no small importance in mother's mind. One o'clock came, and there was no sign of Melanie and her charge, a curious thing, as Melanie was methodical and punctual to a praiseworthy degree, and was provided with a neat little silver watch to keep her acquainted with the time.

Two o'clock struck, and still no Melanie. Constance began to grow uneasy, and sent servants to look for the nurse and child. But when 3 o'clock came and baby did not yet appear, Constance became seriously alarmed, and put on her hat hastily, and went out in search of the missing nurse. She would not listen to the servants who had just returned from their fruitless quest, and who begged her to let them go in fresh directions while she waited the result at home.

"No," she said; "I could not rest. I must go myself. Send to the police, any one, the proper authorities. Tell them my child is lost. Let them send in every direction. You have been to the ruins?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"And there was no one there? You could hear nothing?"

"No, ma'am," answered Dawson, the groom; "the place was quite lonesome. There was nothing but grasshoppers chirping."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"OLD NANCY."

An Ill-fated Still That Has Been Operated For Thirty Years.

The capture of an illicit still operator near Sinking Mountain by Deputy Collector Brown recalls a story of long continued defiance of law, says an Elberton (Ga.) correspondent of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. The still was bought in 1858, and was put to use around the plantation of George Dye. When the war opened it passed into the hands of a Habersham County whiskey dealer, who did a rushing business for four years. There was no railroad at the time within 100 miles of this section, and the liquor made by "Old Nancy," as the still was called, was the favorite trade not only throughout northeast Georgia, but crossed the lines into North and South Carolina. Once the still was embargoed by the officers of Habersham in 1863 because of the demoralization it created among the small boys, with the old men were about all there was left.

With the restoration of United States authority "Old Nancy" became contraband. Revenue inspectors brought before United States commissioners would tell about how "Old Nancy" was prospering, but try as they would the officers never could capture the still. When the distillers of one community found themselves too close pressed they would run the still over the mountain or down the creeks to where companions in lawlessness would secure possession of it, and they would run it until compelled to do likewise. This was the still in fact which Lieut. McIntyre of the United States army was killed in Gilmore County in 1875. Subsequently it was run back east, being operated on Warwoman creek in Rabun County for several years.

Of late years Lieut. McIntyre has heard that this will-o'-the-wisp which they have been following for thirty years, was in operation in a secluded region near Sinking Mountain. Collector Brown, with an armed posse, successfully located the spot one night recently during a violent rainstorm. The moon shiners fled, giving the officers the opportunity of destroying the whole plant.

A Useful Tree.

The cocco palm is the most useful tree on earth. Fresh water is procured from the nut before it is ripe, a single sample often containing three or four pounds of clear water, almost pure, save for a little sugar; the nut, when ripe, is very nutritious; the milk from the ripe nut is a good substitute for that of the cow; the young buds make good cabbage and greens; wine is made from the sap and flower stalks, and fermentation and distillation produces vinegar and brandy; the nutshells furnish utensils; and from the fibers are made all sorts of clothing, textile fabrics, and even the sails of ships, and other articles of ships; its juices furnish ink, and its leaves pens and paper.

—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

IBSEN dines every day at the Grand Hotel, Christiania. He sits in solitary grandeur at a little table, seldom speaking to any one but his waiter, but very often taking notes of those around him. Ibsen's wife is alive, but they are never seen together.

OUR RURAL READERS.

SOMETHING HERE THAT WILL INTEREST THEM.

A Pretty Rabbit Pen—How to Protect Corn from the Depredations of Crows—Suggestions to the Peach Grower—Education of Farmers.

To encourage my boy in learning the use of tools, I designed and helped him make an ornamental rabbit pen, as shown in the first illustration. A box of inch stuff two by four feet and sixteen inches deep was procured, the top taken off and the open part placed upon the ground. Four strips each one by two inches and four feet long were nailed to the box, a cross strip of the same size two feet long being nailed in across the center to complete the framework of the foundation. A part of one side of the box was removed and fitted with hinges to be used as a flap door, and two round-topped holes were cut in the front part of the box for doors between the back and front of the pen. On the foundation in front, a floor of four-foot boards was nailed, projecting a little beyond the framework. Strips like those used for the foundation were nailed in

same manner about the top of the box and floored over. On this framework five pairs of one by two inch rafters, cut for one-fourth pitch, and projecting four inches, were securely nailed. Four strips of one and one-half by one inch stuff were bored at intervals of one and one-half inches with a one-fourth inch bit, and of these the front cage was constructed by inserting one-fourth inch round iron rods cut to fourteen-inch pieces, the strips being securely nailed at top, bottom, and corners.

The middle pair of rafters supported a partition in the roof with a hole between the compartments. Another hole for ingress to the attic was left in the floor in the back room. The roof was sheathed with three-fourths inch boards, and a cornice fitted on eaves and gable. It was then shingled, and a neat cresting added to the comb. The back gable was boarded up with vertical plies, and fitted with a small hinged door. The front gable was finished by nailing on vertical slats with pointed bottom ends, made of one-half and three-fourths

inch pine. A pit was dug one and one-half by three feet in size and two feet deep, and lined with boards around the sides. The back part of the pen was placed directly over the pit. Grown rabbits could jump easily from the pit into the front cage, and the little ones remained in the pit until too large to get out through the wires. Rabbits dig down in the pit and construct their own breeding places in burrows beneath the pen. The pen proved to be warm in winter, cool in summer, and well adapted for keeping rabbits. With a long-handled shovel all refuse could be easily removed from the pit through the trap door, and the pen never became offensive. With a pair of white rabbits and their young, the pen was a pretty sight at the back of the lawn, and was always attractive to visitors. It was painted with dark red mineral paint and trimmed with white, which harmonized well with the bright green lawn and the dark green foliage of the shrubbery. —J. L. Townsend, in American Agriculturist.

Protecting Corn. There are several modes of protecting corn from the depredations of crows. One of the simplest is to coat the seeds with tar. Place a half bushel of the seeds in a basket and pour on hot water enough to moisten and heat all the seeds; then immediately apply a pint of pine tar and stir the whole rapidly for some time. Every seed will thus become coated, and if a quantity of air-slacked lime is then applied it will render it dry and easily handled. The crows will pull up the plants in order to eat the seed, but coming in contact with the tarred seed they are thoroughly disgusted with its flavor, and the remainder will be untouched. Another mode is to stretch white twine zigzag across the field. The crows will not touch the plants fenced in on two sides or within an angle. Another mode is to scatter corn on top of the ground over night, which they will devour if in sufficient quantity and leave the planted seed. A fourth mode is to employ a man with a gun and a dollar's worth of powder and shot, take his meals with him and continue in the field a few days and they will become frightened and leave the premises. —German town Telegraph.

The Work of a Farm. A farmer may work and yet not work. Thousands of men engaged in the occupation of agriculture are so narrow as to deny this; indeed, they deny that anything is work which is not done with the hands. An intelligent farmer with a large farm and plenty of capital may employ himself in planning work for his men, in marketing crops, in purchasing fertilizers and directing their distribution, in buying trees and giving oversight to their planting, in erecting new buildings or repairing old ones, in keeping accounts with his laborers and of all the operations of the farm, in the purchase and sale of breeding stock, in aiding to sustain organizations in behalf of agriculture and do little or no work with his hands, and yet be a first-rate farmer and a useful man and find

profit in what he does. The value of his work may easily exceed that of a dozen laborers, and still some men will say that he does not really work at all, but that is a mistake. —Philadelphia Inquirer.

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To encourage my boy in learning the use of tools, I designed and helped him make an ornamental rabbit pen, as shown in the first illustration. A box of inch stuff two by four feet and sixteen inches deep was procured, the top taken off and the open part placed upon the ground. Four strips each one by two inches and four feet long were nailed to the box, a cross strip of the same size two feet long being nailed in across the center to complete the framework of the foundation. A part of one side of the box was removed and fitted with hinges to be used as a flap door, and two round-topped holes were cut in the front part of the box for doors between the back and front of the pen. On the foundation in front, a floor of four-foot boards was nailed, projecting a little beyond the framework. Strips like those used for the foundation were nailed in

same manner about the top of the box and floored over. On this framework five pairs of one by two inch rafters, cut for one-fourth pitch, and projecting four inches, were securely nailed. Four strips of one and one-half by one inch stuff were bored at intervals of one and one-half inches with a one-fourth inch bit, and of these the front cage was constructed by inserting one-fourth inch round iron rods cut to fourteen-inch pieces, the strips being securely nailed at top, bottom, and corners.

The middle pair of rafters supported a partition in the roof with a hole between the compartments. Another hole for ingress to the attic was left in the floor in the back room. The roof was sheathed with three-fourths inch boards, and a cornice fitted on eaves and gable. It was then shingled, and a neat cresting added to the comb. The back gable was boarded up with vertical plies, and fitted with a small hinged door. The front gable was finished by nailing on vertical slats with pointed bottom ends, made of one-half and three-fourths

inch pine. A pit was dug one and one-half by three feet in size and two feet deep, and lined with boards around the sides. The back part of the pen was placed directly over the pit. Grown rabbits could jump easily from the pit into the front cage, and the little ones remained in the pit until too large to get out through the wires. Rabbits dig down in the pit and construct their own breeding places in burrows beneath the pen. The pen proved to be warm in winter, cool in summer, and well adapted for keeping rabbits. With a long-handled shovel all refuse could be easily removed from the pit through the trap door, and the pen never became offensive. With a pair of white rabbits and their young, the pen was a pretty sight at the back of the lawn, and was always attractive to visitors. It was painted with dark red mineral paint and trimmed with white, which harmonized well with the bright green lawn and the dark green foliage of the shrubbery. —J. L. Townsend, in American Agriculturist.

Protecting Corn. There are several modes of protecting corn from the depredations of crows. One of the simplest is to coat the seeds with tar. Place a half bushel of the seeds in a basket and pour on hot water enough to moisten and heat all the seeds; then immediately apply a pint of pine tar and stir the whole rapidly for some time. Every seed will thus become coated, and if a quantity of air-slacked lime is then applied it will render it dry and easily handled. The crows will pull up the plants in order to eat the seed, but coming in contact with the tarred seed they are thoroughly disgusted with its flavor, and the remainder will be untouched. Another mode is to stretch white twine zigzag across the field. The crows will not touch the plants fenced in on two sides or within an angle. Another mode is to scatter corn on top of the ground over night, which they will devour if in sufficient quantity and leave the planted seed. A fourth mode is to employ a man with a gun and a dollar's worth of powder and shot, take his meals with him and continue in the field a few days and they will become frightened and leave the premises. —German town Telegraph.

The Work of a Farm. A farmer may work and yet not work. Thousands of men engaged in the occupation of agriculture are so narrow as to deny this; indeed, they deny that anything is work which is not done with the hands. An intelligent farmer with a large farm and plenty of capital may employ himself in planning work for his men, in marketing crops, in purchasing fertilizers and directing their distribution, in buying trees and giving oversight to their planting, in erecting new buildings or repairing old ones, in keeping accounts with his laborers and of all the operations of the farm, in the purchase and sale of breeding stock, in aiding to sustain organizations in behalf of agriculture and do little or no work with his hands, and yet be a first-rate farmer and a useful man and find

profit in what he does. The value of his work may easily exceed that of a dozen laborers, and still some men will say that he does not really work at all, but that is a mistake. —Philadelphia Inquirer.

Preserving the Grain of Butter. There is no part of the process involved in making an extra quality of butter that is of equal importance with properly working it. That the buttermilk and water must be taken out of it and the salt put into it are matters of necessity, and the man who can invent some cheap method by which this can be done without working the butter will be the dairyman's benefactor. To make fine butter we must retain the grain in it, while all working, much or little, tends to destroy this grain. The modern plan of working butter is to do away with working as much as possible and do that little as lightly as can be, and at the same time expel all the milk and water and introduce the salt. To do this stop the churn when the butter granules are very fine, draw the buttermilk and introduce water at a temperature near fifty-five degrees Fahrenheit, which hardens the butter, and when the water runs clear introduce the salt, mixing it well with the hard granules of butter in the churn. Then remove the butter to a table and press into shape for market. This will need no second working to remove the mottled appearance. Do not expect to succeed perfectly with the first trial, but a little experience will soon teach how to overcome the difficulties. It is well at first to wash the butter in the churn with a strong brine instead of clear water until more skill is attained by practice. —Agriculturist.

Education of Farmers. Ex-Governor Hoard of Wisconsin, emphasizes a truth frequently urged in these columns, yet which ought to be constantly reiterated by every farming journal, every speaker at the institutes and every father who would have his sons follow in the chosen profession. That fact is the necessity of education in the business of farming. The actual failure of many of our richly endowed agricultural colleges is because the antiquated notion that "anybody can farm" still so largely prevails. The farmer boy has well-trained hands, but his mind not having been schooled in the right direction, he long remains a mere hand laborer, discontented with his surroundings, and most apt to turn his back upon the farm for a life elsewhere, with its elusive bubbles of fame and fortune. The hope of this Nation rests with the agricultural classes, and the future of farming depends upon our sons and daughters. —Farm News.

Currants. "To grow currant bushes from slips," said Abel E. Stevens at the farmers' meeting in Boston, "make the cuttings of new wood and about eight inches long. Place at once in rich garden soil, where no water will stand about them, and with only one bud above ground. Pack the earth firmly about them. If this is done in the fall they will be rooted by winter; if in the spring they will soon be ready for transplanting and will make good plants in a year. For currant worms begin dusting with white hellebore as soon as the first worm is seen, using it dry and mixed with twice its